

Holy One I could never come. My sins now came all up before me: like Pharaoh's host they were after me, like swarms of locusts they arose, and darkness and death eternal stared me in the face. Oh! the horror of that night. Early in the morning I got up and sought and found the Bible. I took the Book to a place where I might be by myself, but not a word could I find to suit my case. My fellow workmen in the shops did not know what to make of my appearance and conduct. They noticed a change, but attributed it to sickness. I could not eat. I wept more than anything else. The tears would come. I strove to keep them back, but could not. This lasted for several days. One morning early I arose and opened the Bible once more, and where it fell open I read: "Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." Isaiah 60: 1. This completely overcame me. I could read no further. I closed the Book. With it came a rejoicing in my sin-smitten soul, which seemed to lift me above earth, above sin, above all my misery, mourning, lamentation and woe. The words were Gospel, the tidings of salvation to me. The workmen in the shop told me I looked like one who had suddenly fallen heir to some large estate. And so I had. I could not explain. It had come so sudden. I could not utter my happiness. For some time I lived as though I had never sinned.